Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. | Philadelphia, October 22, 1836. | Whole No. 795.

STANZAS.

Oh! steal not thou my faith away,
Nor tempt to doubt the trusting mind—
Let all that earth can yield decay,
But leave this heavenly gift behind;
Our life is but a meteor gleam,
Lit up amid surrounding gloom—
A dying lamp, a fitful beam,
Quenched in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
There lies beyond that dreary bourne,
Some region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn;
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning wild, the black abyss—
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which endeth in a world like this.

But oh! if all that serves us here,
When grief assails and sorrow stings,
Exists but in a shadowy sphere
Of fancy's weak imaginings;
If hopes, tho' cherished long and deep,
Be cold and baseless mockeries,
Then welcome the eternal sleep,
Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet hush! thou troubled one! be still;
Renounce thy vain philosophy:
Like morning on the misty hill,
The light of truth will break on thee.
Go—search the prophets deathless page—
Go—question thou the radiant sky,
And learn from them, mistaken sage!
The glorious word—"Thou shall not die!"

ANON.

HALINA RADZIVIL:
Or, the Battle of Warsaw.
A TALE OF POLAND.

By Professor Barber, author of 'Pulpit Eloquence,' 'Downfall of Nations,' etc.

On the evening which preceded the memorable revolution of Warsaw in 1830, two Poles in military apparel proceeded, in deep conversation, along the winding banks of the Vistula. The costume of the elder, consisting of the caftan, girdle, sabre, and yellow boots, betokened him to be of noble lineage. His attendant, a youth about eighteen years of age, wore the insignia of the military academy in Warsaw.

'Sire,' exclaimed the younger, as he gracefully threw back the dark flowing ringlets which shaded his manly forehead, and fixed his beaming eyes on the face of his companion, 'we are now without the walls of the Kraga: gold has purchased for me this interview with my noble father; perhaps,' added he, as a dark expression of melancholy overspread his youthful countenance, 'perhaps the last.'

'Does the duke then,' said the elder, 'seek the destruction of the ancient house of Plater? He shall yet know'——

'Speak softly!' said the young man; 'the very winds of Poland are traitors to liberty. The tyrant seeks the ruin of more houses than ours.—Twelve noble scions are doomed, to morrow, to the dungeons of Warsaw. But,' continued he, as his flashing eye expressed the daring energies of his mind, 'the cup is full—the consummation has come. Ere yon orb re-illumes the banks of our ancient river, the Russian tyrant must flee, or perish! Two hundred youths of Poland, like myself, have sworn on the altar of their country's wrongs to assert her freedom, or swell the hecatombs which the monster's vengeance has already lighted.'

'Noble but ill-fated project!' exclaimed the elder Plater: 'what chance for freedom has Poland, before the power of the Russian autocrat? Abandon the enterprise, my son—it is useless. The iron bonds will be more strongly riveted.—Failure will erase the *name* of Poland from the page of future history, and fill the mines of Siberia with the best and bravest of her sons.'

'Father,' replied Casimir Plater, 'Il vaut mieux mourir avec honneur que de se rendre: forty thousand Poles will assemble round our standard: 'Deo adjuvante non timendum!' shall be our motto. The free in Europe will awake from their lethargy, and fly to our succour. The die is cast—we have passed the Rubicon—retreat is impossible, and triumph—glory!'

'But, Sire,' continued young Plater, 'I tremble for the house of Radzivil, when the torch of liberty is lighted. Halina Radzivil must not fall into the monster's power. Speed to the Prince; warn him to place her beyond the Polish frontiers; I will see her to morrow. I see my guards are approaching. Adieu, best of fathers! Arm yourself for the events of the morrow: the name of Plater shall not be dishonored by your son.'

Two gens d'armes, clad in the Russian police dress, now approached. 'Your time has expired young man,' said they. 'I am ready,' replied Casimir, as he pressed the hand of his parent, and departed for the state dungeon of the capitol.

The feelings which agitated the bosoms of the patriotic Poles were not unknown at the palace of Belveder. Spies had been placed in the mansion of every noble family, and the royal agent of the autocrat was aware that some great movement was about to take place; but fear was not an element in Constantine's character, and he trusted that by striking a decisive blow at some of the most exalted in Warsaw, the spark of freedom would be extinguished before it could burst into a flame. In the morning succeeding the interview between Count Plater and his son, Warsaw wore the appearance of a military camp. The drums beat to arms. A military commission was opened, at the head of which Constantine had placed—himself.

At ten o'clock, a military escort proceeded to the state prison, and demanded, in the name of the Grand Duke, the military students, confined on a charge of treason. They were immediately surrendered. A few moments brought them before the tribunal of the tyrant.

Plater, with a firm step and dignified air, first ascended the platform, before his judges. With a contemptuous expression of countenance, he gazed around on this mockery of justice as the chief commissioner exclaimed, 'I denounce Casimir Plater a traitor to his emperor and his country!'

'Poland has no traitor among her freeborn nobles,' replied the undaunted youth. 'Behold thy companions,' continued the commissioner, pointing toward the military students who had assembled in the hall of the tribunal, 'they shall testify against thee.'

The bosom of the young soldier heaved with indignation: he exchanged a glance with his comrades; it was enough. Then, casting a look of disdain on his oppressors, he replied: 'No Pole ever committed dishonor.'

'Thou hast been sworn against, as a rebel and traitor,' uttered the Duke.

'Show me my accuser,' retorted the youth.

'The mines of Siberia are not yet filled,' continued Constantine, 'a descendant of the noble house of Plater would grace the earth-wrought mines of Tobolsk.'

'Prince,' replied Casimir, 'there is a point at which resistance becomes a virtue, and silence crime. Posterity will demand at your hands retribution for the wrongs of Poland. History will record this military tribunal, where power usurps the seat of judgment, and vengeance the place of mercy—from which the accuser is banished, and the accused condemned. The future supporters of the rights of nations and of men will echo from Warsaw to St. Petersburgh this unholy mockery of the great attributes of justice in the court of kings. They will record their verdict against the faith of princes, on the ruins of Poland's freedom, in characters of blood.'

'Could I alone,' continued Casimir, 'be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice between Poland and her wrongs—could the yawning gulfs of your northern capital receive me as the last of its Polish victims, I would, like another Curtius, plunge into the lake, and save my country. But the descendant of the house of Plater is a mere fraction to the vast unit of destruction. Where is the ancient house of Warsaw, that mourns not for some inmate whose groans reverberate through your Siberian dungeons, until the genius of misery shrieks affrighted at the sound? the youth in all vigor of manhood who enters to-day, and whose head has grown hoary in your subterranean prisons, as the eternal snows which cover their unhallowed summits?'

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cannot wash out the blackness of guilt, or obstruct the infliction of its penalties.'

'Thou hast truly spoken, tyrant,' replied Lodoiska; 'a woman's tears cannot wash out the stains of guilt; an *angel's* could not cleanse the foul pollution of thine. Humanity instinctively shrinks at thy presence, the flowers wither at thy approach; nature recoils in horror, as thy sanguinary band pollutes her altars, or thy blood tracked footsteps desolate her plains.'

'Lodoiska becomes eloquent,' replied Constantine, scornfully.

'Hear me, thou descendent of the Czars,' resumed the wretched mother: 'the blood thou hast wantonly shed has ascended to heaven; it waits thy coming, at the great tribunal. On *earth*, too, thou shalt have thy trials. Yon sun, which now careers through a cloudless sky, shall not decline while *thy* feet tread the halls of Belveder, the ramparts around thy castellated mansion shall be torn from their foundation, and the lofty turrets of thy palace graced with the flag of renovated Poland, before another morning dawns on the city thou hast sacked and desolated.'

'Ha! sayest thou so, proud woman?' thundered Constantine, as his lips quivered under the mingled emotions of shame and rage. 'Thy evening vespers shall be chaunted in the recesses of the citadel. Slaves, manacle this prophetess of evil, and convey her to the northern wing of the citadel.'

'Lodoiska and Poland,' shouted a thousand voices, as the mother of Casimir approached the doors of the military hall, guarded and chained. 'A rescue!—strike down the guard!—a rescue for the mother of Poland!' The guards in vain attempted to execute their commission. They were instantly overpowered, and Lodoiska conducted to the head quarters of her son.

The shout which preceded the liberation of Lodoiska, struck like a thunderbolt on the ear of Constantine. The tyrant trembled. 'Summon the Russian regiment!' said he: 'To the mansion of Radzivil!' Convey its inmates to the palace.'

Obedient to the orders of the Duke, the Russian cavalry, headed by Col. Krutz, proceeded to the abode of Prince Radzivil. In a moment the massive doors were burst open and the lovely Halina, supported by two of the autocrat's guards was hurried onward in the direction of Belveder palace.

Ere the escort had reached the bridge of Sobieski, Plater and his determined band were there.

'Liberate your captive!' shouted Casimir, in a voice that echoed along the shores of the Vistula.

'Who thus opposes the orders of the Grand Duke?' said Kreutz, advancing to the head of his guards.

'I, Casimir Plater,' re-echoed his opponent; 'the sacrifice is too great, the victims too noble, for Russian butchery.'

'Rash youth! thy blood be upon thy head!' cried Kreutz, waving his sword over the head of Plater. With the velocity of lightning, Casimir unsheathed his weapon. A tremendous blow levelled at the young Polander was as dexterously parried. He advanced, made a thrust, and buried his sword in the bosom of the Russian commander.

'For thy blood, soldier of the autocrat, I shall not be answerable at the final appeal,' said Casimir, as he gazed for a moment on the bloody corpse. The Poles, animated by the chivalry of their leader, pierced the ranks of the Russians, and drove them from their position. But Halina Radzivil had during the contest, been conveyed to the palace of Constantine, and was now in the presence of the tyrant.

'Daughter of Radzivil, said he, 'it is in thy power to quell the rebellion in which thy countrymen are engaged.'

'Dost thou, brother of the autocrat, claim protection at the hands of a captive thou hast ensnared?' replied Halina—'a weak, unprotected woman, whom thy rude soldiery have forced from the ancient abode of her fathers to a royal prison?'

'Woman,' retorted the Duke, thou art in my power; thy father and brother, in chains, are in the western wing of the palace: before day declines, their heads shall grace yon ramparts, should the son of Plater, thy lover, continue the contest. He is now before the moat which surrounds the outer gate. *Thou* hast but to command, and he withdraws his force. Reflect—and refuse, if thy courage permits. The forfeit is the extinction of the race and name of the house of Radzivil.'

'An inhuman, an awful, but a willing sacrifice,' cried the heroic girl, 'to thee, my beloved Poland!' as she gazed, unappalled, on the features of her royal jailer.

'Thou refusest, then, maid of Warsaw?' said Constantine.

'I scorn the bribe, great as it is, for which I am required to crush the rising liberties of my country,' she replied. 'Halina Radzivil stands before the tribunal of nations. On her decision may rest the fate of unborn millions. The separation of the soul from the clay which it animates, is a trifle when weighed in the balance against the destinies of the human race. I know thy power; inflict what tortures thou canst; the frail tenement may sink beneath their execution, but the *immortal* inhabitant is beyond thy oppression. It shall meet thee at the bar of omnipotence!'

'I have then commanded in vain,' said Constantine, as the ashy paleness of death for a moment overspread his countenance. 'Proud woman,' said he, 'thou shalt die, and that before yon sun reaches his meridian.'

'Be it so, if Poland requires the sacrifice,' said the unbending daughter of Radzivil—'be it so; but I fall not unrevenged.'

A loud shout, proceeding from the direction of the drawbridge, announced to the tyrant that the outer gates of the palace had yielded to the force of Casimir's assault. He proceeded to the eastern wing of the palace: a youth, bearing the ancient flag of Poland, preceded by a herald, demanded a parley.

'Do the rebels submit?' asked Constantine, as the youth approached.

'Liberty, not submission, is the watchword of renovated Poland,' replied the young warrior: we come to require the unconditional surrender, of the house of Radzivil,' continued he, 'or to warn thee, in case of refusal, that ere the dial's shadow points to another hour, thou shalt behold the palace of Belveder in ruins.'

'Rather demand the headless trunks of that noble house,' scornfully replied Constantine.—'Sentinel, conduct the soldier of Poland to the eastern wing of Belveder. Let him learn from the lips of Halina the recklessness of his attempt—the certainty of its consequences.'

The youth followed his guide through a winding staircase and darkened passages, to the chamber of Halina: the door was opened, and there imploring the protection of Heaven on her hero and her country, knelt the graceful form of her whose life trembled in the balance of her country's fate. The beautiful girl calmly rose from her bending posture, as the sentinel announced the entrance of a stranger. The guide retired, and the young Pole, muffled in a military surtout, entered the apartment.

Halina stretched forth her hand; 'My countryman,' said she, 'whether friend or stranger, thou art welcome to the forced abode of Radzivil's daughter.'

The young soldier threw back his cloak: it was Casimir Plater!

'How hast thou passed the guard?' said the affrighted girl, trembling for the fate of her lover.

'By the command of the tyrant,' replied Plater. 'I bore to him a flag of truce, and, unknown, have gained admittance. Beloved of my heart!' continued he, 'what says the monster?'

'He demands the withdrawal of the troops, or a forfeiture which he deems equivalent,' replied Halina.

'What is the forfeiture?' said Casimir, as he perceived the blood forsake the countenance of Halina.

'Seek not to know, noble Plater,' replied his companion; compared with the accomplishment of their great design, the forfeiture is as a drop of water to the ocean.'

'Halina,' said the young hero, 'thou wilt not deny my request: we may meet no more. What is the forfeiture this royal wretch demands?'

'The destruction of the house of Radzivil,' replied the high-souled daughter.

'Inhuman monster!—thou hast not yet suffi- [illegible]

his hand; 'in the day of trial look on *this*. Yet stay a moment; lend me thy dagger. I shudder at the thought of self-destruction; yet are there cases in which even that act may be virtue.'

'What is the issue of thy interview with the daughter of Radzivil?' said Constantine?' as Casimir descended toward the lower corridor of the palace.

'The secrets of Poland's daughter are secure with her sons,' replied Casimir. 'Thou wilt know, ere evening shades thy palace. Am I at liberty to depart?'

'Thou art,' returned Constantine.

Young Plater, preceded by his herald soon reached his assembled companions. A shout, which shook the walls of the tyrant's palace, announced his arrival.

'What is the answer of the Duke? demanded a hundred voices.

'He refuses to release the captives,' replied Casimir.

'Storm the palace!—raze the monster's mansion to the dust;—cried the military companions of Casimir—'Poland and liberty!'

'My comrades,' said Casimir, '*caution* must be our watch-word. We must be wary in our approach to the den of the monster. He must have chance to escape. The fate of the house of Radzivil depends on this circumstance; and who among you would require the possession of the tyrant, at the sacrifice of this noble family?'

'Not a son of Poland,' rejoined his companions. 'Let the Duke escape.'

'Three cheers!' said Plater, 'and then for the palace!'

'The acclamation reached the ears of Constantine. The words, 'storm the palace!' had scarcely fallen from the enthusiastic Poles, ere he entered the chamber of Halina.

'Imprudent maid,' exclaimed he, 'why dost thou court death?'

'I court the freedom of Poland,' she replied, 'even at the price which thou hast decreed.—Know, Duke, the blood of Kosciusko still runs in the veins of Poland's daughters.'

'My guards,' said Constantine, 'conduct hither Prince Radzivil and his son.'

The soldier retired at the command, and returned with the noble captives.

'Behold the offering,' said Halina, as she gazed on her father and brother; 'behold the victims for the sacrifice. But *thou*,' turning to Constantine, 'art not the officiating priest at the altar.'

'Say'st thou so, maiden?' replied Constantine 'Executioners, approach!'

'Stand back! ye murdering ministers—ye accursed agents of another's crime!' exclaimed Halina, as her eye turned from the assassins to their employer: 'the blood you seek is too pure for your cowardly dagger!'

'I command you to do your duty!' thundered the Duke. The ruffians again approached to fulfil the awful commission.

'Take thou the reward of guilt!' said the daughter of Radzivil, as she plunged the poniard of Plater into the bosom of the foremost assassin; 'I pity, yet have destroyed thee!'

Constantine, petrified with astonishment gazed with conscious horror on the body of the executioner, as it writhed in the agonies of death.

'The blood of that man shall be demanded at *thy* hand, Russian Duke,' said Halina, 'when we meet before the bar of Heaven. Mine was an act of justice, not revenge. The life of a parent demanded the poniard of a daughter.—Thou seest how strong, when virtue nerves them, are the arms of Sarmatia's maidens.'

A crash in the court yard now announced that the inner gates of the palace had been forced. 'To the rescue of the Radzivils!' was heard in every quarter. '*If they* be safe, give quarter to the tyrant—if not, be his fate as theirs!'

Plater rushed to the eastern chamber: in a moment, the door was opened. 'My Halina is safe! Spirit of the Universe, I thank thee!' said he, as he clasped the lovely girl to his bosom.

'Where is the tyrant!' exclaimed the inflamed soldiery. 'He has escaped,' said Halina, 'by a secret passage.'

'Mother, I have fulfilled thy prophecy,' said Plater: 'the evening sun has not found the tyrant in the palace of Belveder. And now, my Halina, I demand thy bridal hand at the altar, before the face of Heaven, and on the dawn of Poland's regeneration.'

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

Visit to Alexandria, Damascus and Jerusalem, during the successful campaign of Ibrahim Pasha.

By Edward Hogg, M. D.

The fluctuations that are daily passing over the East, and the suspense in which its affairs are kept by the growing power of Egypt, the decline of the Ottoman rule, and the watchful policy of Russia, afford sufficient excuse for a new work upon a subject which has already been fertile of books. Syria and Palestine, Egypt and Nubia—the scenes of the oldest traditions of our faith—are now the theatre of a vast political struggle, and so rapid are the changes to which they are subject that we look with anxiety to the reports of the last traveller, although much that he has to tell has been already told. During the publishing season which has just closed, we reviewed an unusual variety of works of travels, and many of them, including La Martine's, the most poetical and fascinating of them all, related to the countries traversed in these volumes by Dr. Hogg; but the spirit in which that gentleman approaches his subject, and the objects which he mainly proposes to himself, infuse into his work a sufficient tone of novelty to make it a welcome addition to our recently-acquired store of information. Dr. Hogg, after a course of successful professional exertion in England, finding his health impaired by his pursuits, retired to a tranquil retreat at Naples, where, being unmoved by any false ambition for public life, he would have remained, had he not been tempted to accompany a friend on a journey to the east. Such a journey presented many inducements. He was aware that the antiquities of those countries had been already explored, and that there was scarcely a feature of historical interest that had not been examined and described: but he also felt that the political changes which circumstances are constantly producing would render such statements of facts as he could collect, and such observations as he might be enabled to offer upon the existing condition of the people in their domestic and international relations, acceptable to the great body of inquirers. In this opinion he was strengthened by the advice of Sir William Gell, who urged him to arrange the notes taken on his journey, and prepare them for publication. The result is equal to the expectation which so recent a traveller might be supposed to create. The liberal policy of Mohammed Ali afforded him greater facilities in Syria than strangers have hitherto possessed in that country, and as he kept in view throughout the political circumstances of Egypt and the Ottoman empire, we find these volumes well worthy of public attention. There is much in them with which we are already familiar, nor does the writer often throw a fresh interest over such topics by any remarkable beauty or energy of style, or by any idle play of the imagination; but the quiet and truthful spirit of the composition, its freedom from the vanities of authorship, and the useful knowledge with which it abounds, abundantly atone for the absence of those more skilful and entertaining qualities that so frequently in modern publications are made to supply the place of sober and valuable commentary.—Nor is the work deficient in mere matter of amusement: it contains a variety of very pleasant sketches and striking anecdotes; it brings pictures of costumes and of individuals before us that are both natural and agreeable; and the tone is, on the whole, so sensible, judicious, and unpretending, that the reader will be sure to derive a more enduring delight from it than if it were more picturesque and enthusiastic. The picturesque of the east has been nearly exhausted, but its political and social aspects yield an abundant harvest.

The route lies from Naples to Malta, and thence direct to Alexandria, where Dr. Hogg was received with great kindness by the Pasha, from whom he obtained some valuable hints upon the general features of Egyptian politics. At Alexandria he embarked for Syria, and landed at Tripoli, and departed from thence with a caravan, passing Mount Lebanon, and the Bekaa to Balbec, where he visited the celebrated temples, now converted into a fortress by the Moslems. From Balbec he proceeded to Damascus, which affords him matter for consideration in proportion to its importance: and then recrossing the Bekaa, he passed on to Saide, the ancient Sidon, visiting Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain retreat; from thence to Soor, the Tyre of the ancients, Acre, the scene of one of the most memorable sieges of our time, Mount Carmel, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. Having satisfied his curiosity in that quarter, he went to Damietta, and then to Alexandria, ascended the Nile to Upper Egypt, returned to Thebes, participated in a fête given in Belzoni's tomb, and finally, glad to escape from the Egyptian Nile boats, disembarked at Cairo. From this sketch of the track, the nature of the subjects treated of in these volumes may be seen; of their execution we will enable the reader to judge by placing

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it was suggested to the head of the government, that a complaint of his outrage might perhaps be made by the representative of the traveller's nation at Constantinople, and that perchance his high mightiness might some day be called to account for the severity he had exercised. To be prepared for such an "untoward event," the unfortunate guide who had conducted the traveller thither, was instantly seized, and five hundred blows inflicted on the soles of his feet, for having brought the governor into such a dilemma. This was considered by the authorities to be sufficient satisfaction to the traveller for the suffering he had inadvertently undergone, nor did they enter am any doubt of being elsewhere exculpated from all blame by this convincing proof of the promptitude and impartiality with which they administer justice."

Of the Greeks, his highness gave the following opinions, which are wound up with some allusions to his own history that are extremely curious.

"He was of opinion that if that country had produced any man of commanding talent, capable of uniting all parties, and of judiciously directing their efforts to one object, a favourable termination would long since have been obtained; and even now, if a prince possessed of power and wealth had been advanced to the throne, he might have reconciled the conflicting opinions and opposing interests which still distract the unhappy country, and have succeeded in establishing a government upon a solid foundation. At present, however, there was no sign that the newly-formed monarchy would be efficiently supported either by power, talent, or treasure, and how then could its stability or permanence be anticipated?

"He said he knew the Greeks well, and had long since foretold to Admiral Codrington the untimely end of Capo d' Istria, and that his prediction had been fulfilled to the very letter, although a little later than he had expected. He believed the same fate to await the new King Otho, unless he brought with him a sufficient body of troops to secure his personal safety, and a well-stored treasury to satisfy the rapacity of those who could be gained by no other means.

"He referred at some length to himself, and his own early proceedings. He said that he came into Egypt a mere unprotected soldier, with nothing but his sword and his courage to befriend him—for he had not even secured the support of an influential patron in the supreme divan at Constantinople, an advantage which those sent to distant countries generally took care to obtain—that his ambition, at that time, did not aspire to a very high grade; but, by taking advantage of circumstances as they arose, and by judiciously managing the various classes of men with whom he had to deal, he had gradually, and by his own efforts only, raised himself to the station he now filled."

The personal appearance of the pasha, and the apartment in which he received his visitors, are also possessed of some interest.

"The pasha was simply dressed—without either embroidery or jewels—and wore a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size; he does not appear to be more than sixty, is plump and well looking, with dark, restless, piercing eyes; an animated countenance, and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled, and although his beard is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and lively; he laughs often and heartily, and is quite free from that air of solemn dulness so characteristic of the Turks, and probably produced by the narcotic fumes they perpetually inhale.

"On the divan, a neatly folded cambric pocket handkerchief, and a European gold snuff-box, to which occasionally he had recourse, lay by his side. After our coffee, a pipe was brought for himself only, this mark of honour being never conferred on any British subject below the rank of a peer.

"The spacious apartment in which we were received, notwithstanding its splendid divan, had an empty, forlorn look. From the ceiling, indeed, a handsome glass chandelier, filled with wax lights, was suspended; but the only article of cabinet furniture it contained was a small round table standing in the middle of the room, and upon this was placed a silver filagree branch with wax lights, each in a separate glass shade. The dreary, untinted walls were only varied, near the door, by having on each side four or five coloured prints, in black frames, disposed without order, close together; and these seemed to consist either of a set of marine signals, or of the national colours of maritime powers."

The cavalcade of the ladies of the harem, and an account of the visit of an English lady to their secluded dwelling, are also worthy a place.

"When I had nearly reached the city, I met a curious cavalcade passing out of the gates. It consisted first of a large coach with closed blinds, preceded and surrounded by many attendants, both on horseback and on foot. Next came a crowd of females, mounted on asses and mules; all closely enveloped in sable wrappers, with their features concealed by long white face-cloths. Attendants on foot led the animals they bestrode; and others, more gaily dressed, were mounted on horseback. Of the latter, the greater part, or perhaps all, were negroes, who evinced, by their consequential air, and plump, well-fed appearance, that they were the guardians to whose care women of rank are here especially confided.

"This motley assemblage was the harem of the pasha, going to spend a few days at the house and garden I had just been inspecting. Every one carefully drew back as the troop advanced, and my timid attendant perseveringly resisted all my endeavours to obtain a close view. Some foot soldiers, indeed, who formed a part of their escort, would effectually have prevented a near approach.

"An English lady, now here, informed me that she was lately invited, at the desire of the pasha, to make a visit to the secluded inmates of the viceregal harem. On taking advantage of this welcome opportunity, the reception she experienced was highly flattering. Her dress, as might be expected, excited much curiosity; and some of the finer materials of which it was composed were greatly admired.

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I have thus run rapidly through this gallery of the arts, stopping here and there, as something extraordinary took me out of the way of my running course.—What a school it is of antiquity, and of the middle ages, and of the arts in all past time, I need not stop to dwell upon, for all can see. The choice treasure here of the Venus de Medici,—of the Medicean vase, on which is Iphigenia mournfully expecting her hapless doom before the altar of Diana, (for copies of which vase, by the way, Englishmen at times give 2500 dollars or more)—of the group of Niobe, and her children—the Fornarina, the Appollino—and of the Hermaphrodite of ambiguous beauty, draw thousands of visiters here from all parts of the earth, where art is known or adored. The gallery presents a series of paintings, representing the art from its earliest dawn to its latest refinements, and in one of the corridors may be seen scriptural subjects painted by some Greek artists as far back as the thirteenth century, so that the stiff, angular and unmeaning Virgin and her child, daubed with gilt and spangled drapery, may be traced up to the divine conceptions of a Raphael. Goth I turn again, for I want to plunder all, and carry all to our own land as the nursery of arts there. As I have said before, the Romans stole many of these treasures from the Greeks. Barbarians then stole from them. Each was civilized by the possession of them in their return. Buonaparte plundered. The Holy Alliance re-plundered from him. Who knows but what our turn may come next. What cannot be bought, nor made, nor obtained in any other manner—may it not be plundered? You see what a Gentleman George I am becoming. The Venus that graced the Louvre, as a trophy of Buonaparte, how prettily it would grace a wing of the American Capitol! What have you to say to that?

B.

THE GOSPEL.
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke—
No guiding star the Magi see,
And heavy hangs Oppression's yoke,
Where *first* the Gospel said '*be free.*'

And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd throng,
Good will and peace' are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol-train,
Bends low, by Ganges' worshipped tide,
Or drowns the Suttee's shriek of pain,
With thundering gong and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophis grope,
Dark Burmah greets Salvation's ray,
E'en jealous China's door of hope
Unbars to give the gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,—
Cold Greenland feels mysterious flame,
And humble Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest children stay,
Bound in Oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Oh aid with prayer that holy light
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Still in the forming hour of youth,
Combine with Education's sway
Those seeds of heaven implanted truth,
Whose fruit can never know decay.

Kneel while unsullied joy doth glow
Resplendent on the blooming cheek,
And for the climes of heathen wo,
A blest Redeemer's pity seek.

Blent sweetly with the classic page
The love of Heaven, sublime and fair
So beauty's brow when dimmed with age,
The lustre of the soul shall wear.

REVIEW OF LIFE.

What a variety of pleasing and painful thoughts and feelings does the recollection of past years excite in the mind! I have seen days of prosperity and gladness, and days of adversity and sorrow. I have enjoyed the love of relatives and friends, and conversed with the wise and good. But many of those who were the nearest and dearest to me, are gone down to the grave; and I stand like an aged tree, surrounded by a new generation. The spring is past; the summer is ended: the autumn is almost closing, and winter is at hand.

Shall I indulge in sadness and grief? No: I would most thankfully acknowledge the divine goodness. I have enjoyed numberless blessings; and I now put my severest trials among them.

What blessings in Providence have I to recount; God has preserved me, provided for me, guided me, and "done all things well." I have had friends and benefactors. The evil which I feared, did not befal me: and good things which I never expected, have been granted me. Truly, it becomes me to be thankful.

When I look to spiritual blessings, how shall I express my gratitude! I might have been left to spend my years in ignorance, pride, and folly; but in the tender mercy of the Most High, I have been made acquainted with the way of life, and peace, and everlasting blessedness. I might have been at this moment a careless, presuming, miserable trifler on the borders of eternity: but "by the grace of God, I am what I am."

But what shall I say, on the review of my conduct? What have I rendered to the Lord for all his benefits! What have I done for his glory, and for the good of men! When I look on the talents committed to my care, what shall I say respecting my use or abuse of them! Have I faithfully improved my spiritual blessings, and lived as a true follower of Christ!

Alas! I have not fully and rightly improved any talent; any mercy; any portion of the divine bounty. "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."

But I trust that, through divine grace, I have not been altogether faithless, inactive, and useless. I have reason to be ashamed and penitent; but I have reason also to be thankful and rejoice. I have not wholly forgotten God, and his word, and the duty of the true Christian.

I now find it an easy thing to discover how I should have acted; what I ought to have done: and I chide myself for my former indolence and perverseness. How much of life has been wasted in doing nothing? How much of it has been spent in fine speculations, airy fancies, specious purposes, and inefficient resolves! How small a portion of good for myself, and in doing good for the benefit of others!

What reason have I to admire the goodness and forbearance of God; I would magnify his grace, by which I am what I am; by which only I have been enabled to order my conversation in any measure aright. I would magnify that grace which has done great things for me: but I would take shame and confusion to myself, when I consider how little I have done for my divine Benefactor.

I acknowledge my numberless transgressions and my unprofitableness: and I extol the divine goodness, by which, I trust, I have been redeemed from ignorance, sin, and death: and I cannot refuse to cherish the hope, that He who has been good to me will yet continue his goodness to me, and that I shall praise Him for ever—Jehovah—Father, Son, and Spirit—the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

O my Soul! thou hast been made to take the Bible for thy teacher and guide. Thou hast been enabled to receive, in some measure, the offered blessings, and to rejoice in the consolations, of the gospel of Christ. Thou knowest spiritual things in a spiritual manner. Be humble and penitent, as thou considerest thy past misconduct; and gratefully acknowledge the divine goodness. While the outward man totters and decays, while this world is receding and fading from thy view, let faith prevail, and let thy language be gratitude and praise. "My lips shall greatly rejoice, when I sing unto Thee; and my soul, which Thou hast Redeemed. My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long."

Thou art now, O my Soul, standing, as it were, upon an eminence, from which thou mayest see the past and the future. Behind thee is a world with which thou hast been for a long time fami-

[illegible]

days. Mercy and goodness have hitherto followed me. "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." Make me penitent and humble, thankful and joyful; and enable me to spend the residue of life to thy glory, and to the good of my fellow-creatures; through Jesus Christ our only Saviour. Amen. JONES.

EVENING MUSIC AT SEA.

On one of the delicious afternoons of February, peculiar to the West Indies, as the sun was declining below the western horizon, the beautiful Hornet lay in a calm near the Island of Cuba. The sea was uncommonly smooth, imparting hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant ship, to disturb the sails as they lay listless against the masts. I had never, until then, fully realized the oft-repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror; but now the truth of it came home to me, and I felt that there was sublimity, even in the calm of the "vasty deep." I could not gaze on it without being reminded, by the contrasts, of the tempests that at times, sweeps over it; and thus was its stillness associated with its commotion, its quiet with its power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a ceaseless, but gentle swell, as if amid the coral beds beneath, some lonely water-spirit slumbers, while the waters above rose and fell with its steady breathing. Occasionally, "a sorrowing sea bird" would flit by unheeded, or descending kiss the wave, and soar aloft again till lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin rush in pursuit of the terrified flying fish; and anon, glisten in the far depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silvery sides.

The sun was setting. How glowingly came upon me the force of these lines—

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright
But one unclouded blaze of living light!"

The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold; and the sky, far up, glowed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded cords, so distinct and brilliant was the refraction. It was a scene to inspire emotions of a lofty character.—Before us was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking as it were, to rest, in fit emblem of the eternity over which we hovered; and above, spread the viewless ether, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this hour, a few of the officers assembled on the forecastle to contemplate the scene; and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree alleviates the privations of a seaman's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom, dwelling long on one, till the shades of twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial hue, and graver themes were touched. The pall of night, set with stars, was thrown about the expiring day, and the moon shaking off her watery panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was the remembrance of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feeling to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest tossed mariner. The father dwells in tenderness on his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love, and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in the sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath and around should not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recess of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear melodious voice, slowly poured forth the first line of that exquisite song—"Home, sweet home!" As the words "Mid pleasures and palaces" swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never had it come so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed as it was with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled; in a voice, full manly and touching, it could but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seated himself with calm gravity, and by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmarked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

O, how magical is music at such an hour!

It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathering mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The whole elevated above the narrowness of earth, and he seeks in thought to commune with the intelligence of a higher world, and with that Being,

"Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Thus were the feelings of the listening group when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words, "There's no place like home!" An emotion was visible to all. There was a tremor in his voice showing that he felt the influence of the line; and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced—"An exile from home," the agitation in those around, was merged in attention at the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested on his cheek, gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony stamped upon his features. He was, indeed as I know, "an exile from home," though from what cause I never could discover,— and the smothered grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.

He continued. As the song drew to a close his emotion increased, with that of every one who listened. At length, as the line, "There's no place like home," rose on the stillness of the hour the last time, a rush of feeling was evident and in many showed itself in tears! The man who from childhood had "braved the foaming brine," and had stood without fear on the brink of eternity; and he, who, an outcast from the society of the virtuous and the good, knew no home, alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him, who had so well timed, and so feelingly executed one of the most grateful songs that ever greets the seaman's ear. Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long pent affections, they might once more gladden and purify the soul! I could not think such men entirely lost; I could but look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke; and after a few moments, in which all else was banished by the one dear thought of the distant home we had exchanged for our "home upon the deep," each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

My Mother! weary years have pass'd since last
I met thy gentle smile; and sadly then
It fell upon my young and joyous heart,
There was a mortal paleness on thy cheek,
And well I knew, they bore thee far away
With a vain hope to mend the broken springs—
The springs of life. And bitter tears I shed
In childhood's short-lived agony of grief,
When soothing voices said that thou wert gone,
And that I must not weep, for thou wert blest!
Full many a flower has bloom'd upon thy grave
And many a winter's snow has melted there;
Childhood has pass'd and youth is passing now,
And scatters paler roses on thy path;
Dim and more dim my fancy paints thy form,
Thy mild blue eye, thy cheek so thin and fair,
Touch'd when I saw thee last, with hectic flush,
Telling, in solemn beauty, of the grave.
Mine ear hath lost the accents of thy voice,
And faintly o'er my memory comes at times

Sunday Evening Post

OCTOBER 23, 1853.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Thames Tunnel now advances at the rate of 64 feet a week. More than 900 feet out of 1200, are now completed. The weekly progress will soon be increased to 2 feet.

John Peel, Esq., the eminent astronomer, died on the 7th of November. He had issued the important and useful edition of Astronomer Royal for twenty-five years.

The King of Hayti has ordered the removal of a statue of the Duke of Bedford, from the gallery in Windsor Castle, considering that his grandeur is not inferior to the O'Connell tribute.

Messrs. Stephenson & Co. of Newcastle, are now constructing a locomotive engine for the emperor of Russia, the speed of which is warranted to be 40 miles an hour. The rail-way is six feet wide, and the wheels of the locomotive are six feet in diameter.

A ship with 340 emigrants from the Isle of Skye and other parts of the Scottish Highlands, sailed from Greenock about the first of September, for St. Johns, New Brunswick. Agricultural distress was very severe in the Highlands.

Lord Byron celebrated as a pugilist, died lately; he was nearly 74 years old.

Captain Nolle Stuckley, of her majesty's 55th regiment, has resigned his seat in the Salary to Mexico, to take his trial by court-martial for certain charges, having himself in an embrocue with his wife husband-like. He was the senior captain of the regiment.

Further arrests have taking place in Paris on account of alleged conspiracies.

The French government has appointed a new minister to Spain, in place of M. Rayneval, deceased.

Money was quite scarce in England, and American bills, which used to labor more than others, had been discounted at last year rates.

The harvests in England and on the continent were abundant and well secured.

It is said that King Otho, after his marriage with the Princess of Saxe Altenburg, will pass a fortnight at Paris.

At the last session, Mr. Phitt put the following question in the House of Commons: "Upon my word!" Didn't you come to Maidstone this morning, upon your oath?' Answer: 'No, I came in a hackney.'

The Marquis of Waterford is in the Mediterranean. His lad Lord John Hervey is sailing in a cruise of the isles of the "hideless sea," in the Gem of the Isles. The Marquis it is expected, will come home a little wiser. If his Yacht carries in little ballast as himself, she will soon be a half years tar sea.

It is calculated that between the present time and the 31st inst. nearly 60,000 persons will be assembled under the command of General Hairspan on the frontier of the Pyrenees, and that a court a martial may then be established at 9,000. We think if the latter number were increased a little, and the former diminished, it would be much nearer the truth.

At last we find the resignation of the marquis of Sligo as governor of Jamaica, accounted for. He had removed a Dr. Palmer from the office of stipendiary magistrate, and thereupon Palmer resigned the doctor, whereupon the marquis resigned.

Lord Eldon.—The old lawyer reached his 85th year on the 4th of June last. His mental faculties are still clear and the strong eye, power, and he enjoys the society of his friends. He has a "lease of a long life," in the form of a tenth of some good, which at times brings him quite low.

Railways.—Some idea of the employment which railways will find for the working classes, may be formed from the fact that at this moment between 10,000 and 12,000 men are employed on the London and Birmingham rail-way only.

The constitution of 1812 was solemnly proclaimed at Barcelona on the 29th August. After the recitation of mass, at which the Duke of Medina read in each of the parish churches, all the civil and military officers took the oath of fidelity on the great hall of the palace. Gen. Aldama, second in command of the principality, read the constitution general *ad interim*, presided at the ceremony, and afterwards reviewed the troops, amidst acclamations in favor of liberty, the queen, and the regent. General Mina could not be present, being still very severe ailing from a recent accident.

A voluminous correspondence had taken place between Lord John Russell and Mr. J. S. Buckingham, M. P. originating in some very severe observations of the latter upon the conduct of ministers and of Lord John Russell in particular, related to the affairs of India, and the East India Company, set up by Mr. Buckingham. A dual was threatened listed at in the course of the correspondence, but both gentlemen finally came to the conclusion that they could fight out their battle on the floor of the House of Commons.

Mr Rothschild's Will.—We find in the London papers, by which we observe he gives 350,000 pounds sterling to his widow, and his house in Piccadilly, and that purchased by him for the Princess Amelia, and all the furniture, plate, pictures, &c. belonging to it. He also bequeaths £100,000, to each of his wife's brothers, and 50,000 to each of her sisters; 10,000 to Mr. Cohen, one of his executors, some charitable donations; and the residue of his enormously grand estate he leaves to his sons, who are to continue the business exactly as heretofore, in conjunction with the houses in Vienna, Frankfort and Paris. On proving his will, the personal estate in England was sworn to be less than 2,000,000*l.* The probate duties amounted to 15,000*l.*

Mr. Green made an ascent in his mammoth balloon from Vauxhall Gardens on the 3rd September, accompanied by eight persons. They ascended rapidly in presence of a great number of spectators, to a height of two and a half miles. The atmosphere below was cloudy—but they had not ascended many time, before they found themselves in a brilliant sunshine. They floated over the sea and coast to the southeast, and descended near the village of Cuckfield, where they alighted safely. The party were much delighted by their excursion. Mr. Graham made an ascent on the 6th, during a violent thunder-storm. He describes the trip as extremely grand, from the extraordinary appearance of the clouds, and the flashing of vivid lightning, which were visible far beneath him. He was obliged to take the car out of his car, owing to the torrents of rain which fell. He descended more than three miles, and at the greatest altitude he could not perceive any diminution of proper.

Anecdote of Admiral Cornwallis.—I remember a very curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of few words, but of strong and very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Channel fleet or the Lord in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were discontented with their allowance of beer and other, and when the ship was going before the wind, they lower a letter over the stern which they found should be blown in the main sail gallery. In this document they expressed a determination that they should they cease in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter and smiled, turned his head and said to that addressed them—" So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight unless you have your allowance of beer, well, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough. They got no beer that day, and behaved in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.—*Naval Magazine.*

Singular Effect of Lightning.—A French gentleman—Mr. Barre, residing at La Haye Sainte commanded to the French Academy the curious fact that in an avenue belonging to him grew a poplar, some of the top branches of which the lightning struck, and ran down along the trunk without injuring the bark. The tree at that time [illegible] measured 4 feet in circumference. In the April following, the trunk had exactly doubled in size around. The outer bark had retained the same girth, and the sap flowed in such abundance as to force its way through the crevices in the bark. We have heard of a recent discovery by which a mess of water cresses, or young lettuce, may be raised in surprising rapidness as it were, by passing a current of electricity through the vase containing the seeds, but to increase a tree a foot in circumference by a single *coup de foudre*, is sufficiently marvellous for our credulity.

The following is from the *Drum*:—" Of the 40 persons arrested since Sunday, on suspicion of a conspiracy, the greater number have been set at liberty. The affair is said to be connected with that of the Bourse on Saturday, which we mentioned a few days ago. about 11 men were arrested while seated round a table after a famously, and some pocket-books, contraiges, &c. were seized. This was learned from the confession of two prisoners, Pasquier and Bontage, who were consequently separated from the rest, and sent to the Conciergerie. Four others were conducted to the prison of La Force, and the remainder were detained at their own residences. According to reports, Bontage, who kept the house in the Impasse St. Sebastian, where the secrets were made, was for a long time employed by the police as one of its agents. When the man was arrested at the wine shop of M. Gengine, in the Rue Valee Batave, two tender were seized, but M. Gengine has proved that they belonged to her, and they have accordingly been given up. The manner of several soldiers having been arrested, in consequence of the discovery of a plot for an insurrection of the garrison, is said daily to be on the rise.

Islandy Evening Post

OCTOBER 23, 1853.

" J. M." we beg leave to decline. The sentiments are commendable, but the versification, indifferent.

The "notice for a wife" shows a want of harmony, too inconsistent with the writer's dungeon, to be considered seriously.

"The Spirit Bride." The commencement of the last verse is the only idea of a bull, "is not sufficiently ethereal for the trib.

"Isadore" is declined.

"Delacoscette" is declined.

We shall be pleased to hear from "Clara agen."

The selection at " O." is too commonplace for insertion.

The Serenade," is declined.

Milk.—Arrangements have been made by an enterprising citizen at the south end, to supply all his neighborod at least with pure quantity of milk at six cents a quart. The milk will be brought to town by an honest farmer from the country, and sold from shops. The plan is a good one, and must succeed, says the Boston Transcript.

We should suppose a similar arrangement might be made in this city, in relation to the vicinity of rail-roads leading to Philadelphia, which would be mutually profitable to the parties.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

The following description of the personal qualifications of a western editor is copied from the Cincinnati Gazette:

" While at Columbus, we happened to get a peep at the interesting, wife administrator in the unconscious garbage, in the act of mastication. His gaiety eye was never raised in our presence before.

Villainy, dark and deep, was impressed more fully on his dull, phlegmatic features, than any other man we ever met. His averted face, shewed, as near as we could have ascertained, no obtuseness of intellect, bordering on an absolute absence of original ideas, save the occasional brightening of his fiendish countenance, at the falsehood, or at the prospect of applying some cold falsehood to a new set of circumstances.

Incendiary Attempt.—A most flagitious and daring attempt was made in New York, to burn the building occupied by Messrs. Pray & Co., on the night of the 22nd inst. The fire was kindled in the room occupied by these gentlemen as their counting house, together with the adjoining store. Fortunately the discovery was made early in the morning. A basket containing combustible materials was placed in a corner, two sticks of a considerable size were crossed on the top of the basket, and above these was heaped a great quantity of paper, in bundles. The attempt is the more daring, from being executed by day light, and in a room in which a young man had already been. The fire was discovered by Mr. Charlesworth, who was kindled in the room occupied by these gentlemen as their counting house, together with the adjoining building. The

Philadelphia Prices Current.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 22,

[Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Messrs. Sharp, Wetherill, and Prices Current.]

Ashes, pot, 1st sort	$ 91	$ 0 00
do. pearl, 1st sort	0 00	0 00
Beeswax, yellow	0 00	0 00
Bristles	0 00	0 00
Cotton, Upland	0 00	0 00
Do. New Orleans	0 00	0 00
Do. Sea Island	0 00	0 00
Flour, Genesee	6 75	0 00
Do. Baltimore, wharf	6 75	0 00
Do. Susquehanna	6 75	0 00
Do. Alexandria	6 75	0 00
Do. Fredericksburg	6 75	0 00
Do. Petersburg	6 75	0 00
Do. Richmond	6 75	0 00
Do. Georgetown	6 75	0 00
Do. Fredericktown	6 75	0 00
Do. Rye	4 25	0 00
Grain, Wheat, white	1 30	1 35
Do. red	1 25	1 30
Do. Rye	0 00	0 00
Do. Corn, yellow	0 00	0 00
Do. white	0 00	0 00
Do. Oats	0 00	0 00
Do. Barley	0 00	0 00
Do. Beans	0 00	0 00
Do. Clover seed	0 00	0 00
Do. Timothy seed	0 00	0 00
Do. Flaxseed	0 00	0 00
Hay, per ton	0 00	0 00
Hemp, Russia	0 00	0 00
Do. American	0 00	0 00
Hops, 1st sort	0 00	0 00
Iron, Pig, No. 1	0 00	0 00
Do. Bar, Swedes	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. American	0 00	0 00
Lead, Pig	0 00	0 00
Do. Bar	0 00	0 00
Do. Sheet	0 00	0 00
Do. White, dry	0 00	0 00
Do. White, ground in oil	0 00	0 00
Do. Red	0 00	0 00
Do. Yellow	0 00	0 00
Do. Chrome	0 00	0 00
Do. Spanish brown	0 00	0 00
Do. Lamp black	0 00	0 00
Do. Prussian blue	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome green	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome yellow	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome orange	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome red	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome drab	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome brown	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome olive	0 00	0 00
Do. Best Chrome lemon	0 00	0 00
Oil, Linseed, boiled	0 00	0 00
Do. Spermaceti, winter	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. common	0 00	0 00
Do. Whale, winter	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. common	0 00	0 00
Do. Sperm candles	0 00	0 00
Do. Mould candles	0 00	0 00
Do. Tanners'	0 00	0 00
Do. Lard	0 00	0 00
Do. Tallow, rendered	0 00	0 00
Do. Castor, Jamaica	0 00	0 00
Do. Palm	0 00	0 00
Do. Olive, Florence	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. common	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Lucca	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Gallipoli	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Sicily	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Spanish	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Barcelona	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Malaga	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Marseilles	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Leghorn	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Genoa	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Sweet	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Bay	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Soft	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Salad	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Almond	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Peach kernel	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Rose	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Anise	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Bergamot	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Lemon	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Cassia	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Sassafras	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Origanum	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Spearmint	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Peppermint	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Wormseed	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Lavender	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Rosemary	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Juniper berries	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Cedar	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Amber	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Turpentine	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Hungary	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Peru	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Tolu	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Copaiba	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Castor	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Sperm	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Train	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Whale	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Seal	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Cod liver	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Shark liver	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Neatsfoot	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Lard	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Tanners'	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Rosin	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Tar	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Pitch	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Turpentine	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Varnish	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Linseed	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Boiled	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Spermaceti	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Whale	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Sperm	0 00	0 00
Do. Do. Train

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

ON THE STATUE OF AN OX.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

So wondrous Myron's art is shown,
That by the gods, to me,
The statue in mere waxis shone,
To quit its base and plough.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I think of thee, when o'er the deep
The sun bathshed its brightest ray;
Or when I often think and weep
When on the waters last moon beams play.

I hear thee, when the billows rise
With gentle murmurs on mine ear;
When lowering clouds his veiled the skies
In forests dark thy step I hear.

I see thee, in the depth of night,
From me there never can'st be far;
I see thee in that paler light
Which beams from every trembling star.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

He who owes and runaway,
May live to pay another day;
But he who is in jail confined,
Can pay no debt of any kind.

RIDDLE.

For sea—sickness, stay at home.
For drunkenness, drink cold water.
For corns, tread on your neighbour's toes.
To keep out of jail, keep on of debt.
To please every body, mind your own business.

A Vignette in Bell's Life, in London, representing a hall starred bewher of songs, unconvening a lot of beggars for contempt, a rascal escaped by the nets in, a wheedling man, in which the subject unequally hit off. Here's a toast last of songs for a small sum of money,

A hundred and upwards! now and that a heap!
Bacchus, sentimental, pathetic and funny,
And all for your penny to—richmondly there!

"Hatikvah, Sir," "Tally Crary," "The Last Rose of summer,"
"The Men of Dogs' Meat," "The Bould Sojer Boy,"
Jer, Yi'Sandy," and "Bonny Dundee."
And here's the "Cork Leg"—and there's one beneath for a romance—
Visit you either easy chant as a ballad or catch.

Buy a yard and a half of most casual verses,
Buy Burns, and Lord Byron, and Hudson, and Moore;
Come Masters and Misses, then open your purses,
Such a chance in your life you ne'er met with before.

Here's "God Save the King," and "The Exile of Erin,"
"Tom Bowling," "The Nightingale Club," and, "Four Jack's"
"Sally Brown," "Selly Gray," "While our Buck was a Soering,"
"The Rose Tree I Gathered," "John Troy," "Teddy Veis."

In the whole of the lot there's not one vo's unpropose
But I warrant you all to be wassly admired;
Come, never be angry, but fork out a couplet
And then you may sing till you're all on you tired.

Here's "Welcome me Home," and here's "Farewel Fayrow,"
Here's "Hush Little Bow-wow"—do make haste and buy 'em;
There ne'er was in print a collection so clever,
Here's "All Round my Hat," and here's "Tweet 'em and Try 'em."

Here's "The Jessens of Blea," and here's "Hush thy Soucken."
Here's "The Heart that is Proof to Young Cupid's Attacks;"
Here's Foggy Dew Ballad—a rare composition—
In praise of the pleasures of milling and max.

Come, purchase away, 'tis no trash vet I sell ye;
Ye are bound for ourselves to be honest and true,
I see how it is, and I'm sorry to tell ye,
You won't get so reliefs for music at all!

The following incomparable lines we preserves from an early number of the New Monthly Magazine, when Campbell was the editor, and Lamb a writer. The editor professed himself ignorant of their authorship, but recommended had a transatlantic or tragic origin: what American will dare to claim them?—*Ed. Com.-Adv.*

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool,
Who smil'st on gay holiday, and clear'st
Thine ever-ready notes at rolicks
Of wit and humour which thy pood and jibe.
Wo—oughter—aughter—Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive mimic of cat-call schools,
To thee the pain of ecstasy was unable,
Who, in a brownish, sad-coloured suit,
Fit indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!
Then tender-hearted Jaques! thou hast with mood
better buy one that ha at got no looking glass.

A celebrated, preacher, well known as an eccentric character, stopped short in the middle of a sermon, and was that he scratched his head nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quickly down the pulpit stairs, "My friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse.

Sons of Song.—The wife of Mr. Julien H. Stong, of Louisiana, lately presented him with two three infant sons, "on one occasion." Mr. Song, on representing to his friends the extraordinary state circumstance, as "an industrious husbandman."

Filial Affection.—"John," said a little mother to her brother, "you must come home." "What for?" "Daddy's sick." "Oh, is he?"

A ragged customer stepped in a tavern early one morning, and exclaimed "Landlord! landlord! I am dying for some breakfast. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the *third day.*

Large Plate of Glass.—There has been cast lately at the plate glass manufactory, at St. Gobain, France, a plate of the extraordinary size of *Seven feet by three.* It was made for the new Palais Royal des Thuileries. The discovery of the casting of plate glass is due to Abin. There are, at 1836, who established a factory as above set, which is now the largest in the world. The British plate glass is said to have liable to make it at home, owing, probably, to the mass not being continued in a sufficient state of fusion during the progress of the operation of casting. Why is not the American spirit of enterprise directed to this species of manufactory, since it is so expensive and dangerous to import large specimens of this article, that we have at hand all the materials of the best quality?

Bold Adventure.—The Yankee Farmer tells a good story of Mr. Uriah Tracy, of Litch Greenwood, Mass., who heard a noise among his sheep and taking his gun, went out and discovered a large bear carrying off a wether. He pursued and came near him, but before he could get a shot, Bruin perceived him, dropped his mutton and made towards him. At that critical moment Mr. C. discharged the contents of his musket in his breast and killed him. The bear weighed 600 lbs. He carried off the wether, which was the largest sheep in the flock, in his arms, walking on his legs "*man fashion.*" He had torn the sheep in pieces. As Mr. C. had no ammunition excepting what was in his gun, and that had been loaded some weeks, he showed great courage in encountering so formidable an enemy, under such unfavorable circumstances. Col. Tracy should have shaken hands "with both feet" with such a sportsman.

THE MANUFACTURING ADVANTAGES OF AMERICA.—Since the publication of England, Irishe d Ireland, America, the publisher has had a opports nity of visiting the United States, and of taking at hasty guinea of the American people and his ecular experience of the country has confirmed him in the views he put forth in that pamphlet. A decline to the natural endowments of the North American continent—as appears to Europe—as the latter is the richest and most inexhaustable extent of river navigation—the best communication by canals—the richest soil in the world, and its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, &c. looking at these, and at the remarkeing the quality and position of a people universally instructed and perfectly free, and possessing, as a consequence of this, a low-born energy and vitality very far surpassing the character of any nation in the old world—the author reiterates the moral of his former work, by declaring his conviction that it is from the west, rather than the east, that danger to the supremacy of Great Britain is to be apprehended; that it is from the peaceful and silent rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, and its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people and their economical habits, that danger is to be feared; it is from these, and not from the barbarous policy or the impoverishing armaments of Russia, that the grandeur of our commercial and national prosperity is endangered. And the writer stakes his reputation upon the prediction that in less than twenty years this will be the sentiment of the country at large throughout, and that the same conviction will be forced upon the government of the country. The writer has been surprised at the little knowledge there is here with respect to the mineral resources of America. In nothing does the ignorance of Europe so much as in its rich beds of coals. By a parliamentary return of the state of Pennsylvania, it appears that it contains twenty thousand square miles of coal, with ten to prospection. This in one state only! whilst the whole of the Mississippi valley is more or less enriched with this invaluable combustible. Several of his neighbours have been astonished by the ingredients of a specimen of coal from Illinois, which the writer procured from a pirat Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, above Pittsburgh, and which is pronounced equal to the very best qualities produced from the mines in Yorkshire. Chemists of working men in the province sit side into the sloping banks of the navigable rivers, and it is here alone that the coal stratum is usually found, six feet in thickness, and as the matter is always able to work in an upright posture, one man will frequently produce as much as his load in a day.—The steamboat in which the author went from Brownsville to Pittsburgh stopped at one of these coal mines, and took on a supply of fuel, which was charged at the rate of about three farthings per bushel. There are facts like these which directly upon the future destinies of this country than the emigrants to Canada and Texas, or, equal, the movements of savage forces in Russia, and similar proceedings to which we attach so much importance.—*Foreign, by a Manchester Manufacturer.*

A new manufacture has been introduced by a native of Pont Henry, in France, which promises to be of no greatest utility. Pont Henry Iseman has brought to perfection a plan of working up the Pontmain, Fern—a plant that grows in the valleys of New Zealand, resembling the corn flag and the lotus—into a fabric as fine as superfine linen in pliancy, substance, and lightness. Many English merchants have embarkered to make use of the plant, the beauty of which, when wrought into cloth by the Indians, and attracted the notice of the Dutch distinction and travellers, but in vain, owing to their not being able to divest it of a resinous gum which forms a portion of its consistence. M. Leonard has established a factory at Pont Henry, in which one thousand workmen are said to be employed, with prospect of the number being increased to three thousand by the great demand for the cloth which is said to be peculiarly suited for shirts, and the covering of carriages, as it may be placed under water for say length of time without injury. It is supposed that in the course of time, supersede that of cotton in France. The culture of the plant has been introduced by Baron Marshal Count Bussi at Algiers.

MARTIN LUTHER.—This extraordinary man has left a beautiful thought upon the married state. We will confer a favor on our readers by selecting it for our columns. "It is almost impossible," he said, "to dispense with the state society, as it is to live without eating and drinking. The image of marriage is found in all creatures: not only in the matrices of the earth, the air, and the water, but also in trees and stones. Every one knows that in trees, such as the apple and the pear trees, which are like husband and wife, do not prosper better when planted together. Among stones the same thing may be remarked: the most precious stones—the coral, the emerald, and others.—*The banner is husband to the earth.* He made use of the term land as more apt to the wife and the wind, and causes her to bear all sorts of plants and fruits."

Locusts in Syria.—The editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser have received Smyrna papers to July 31, from which they copy the following account of the remarkable destruction of locusts by order of Ibrahim Pacha, in Syria. In the beginning of the month of June, the appearance of prodigious flight of locusts, that they threatened all the crops with certain destruction. Ibrahim Pacha immediately adopted a measure for the preservation of his subjects and their harvests. He issued a proclamation, by which all the population of Aleppo was put in requisition, and divided into bands, forced to go out of the city to beat the locusts. The same thing was done in some other districts and provinces. Of course, the people became without money and put up piteous tales of distress, which were disregarded, and they were compelled every body to go to work, rich and small, officers and soldiers.

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